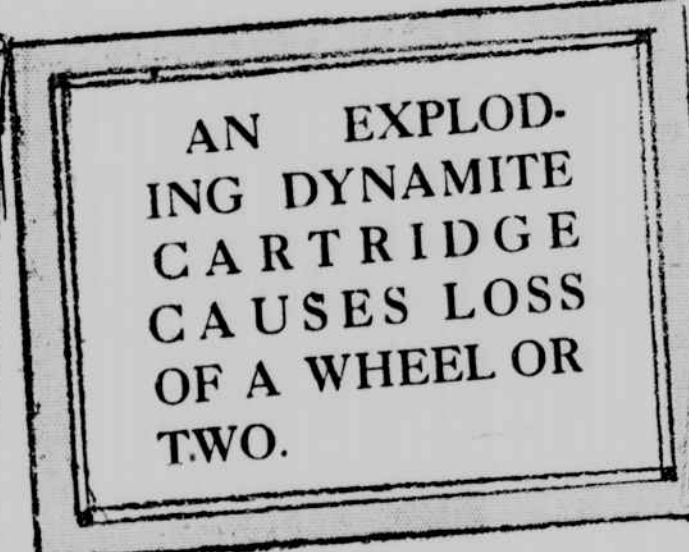
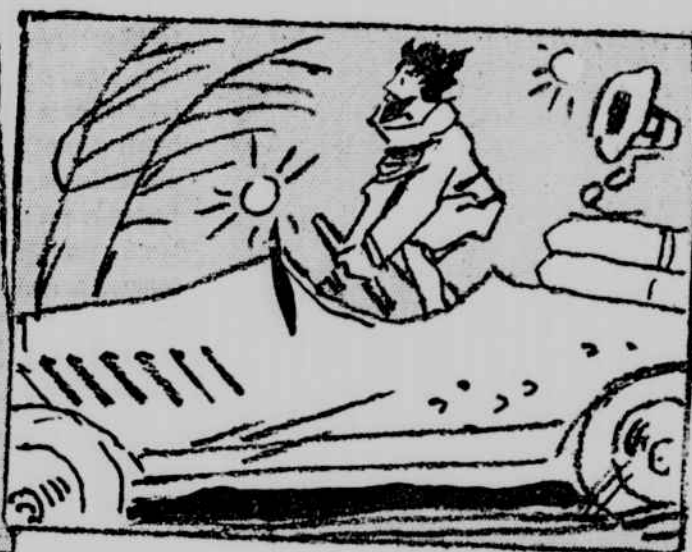
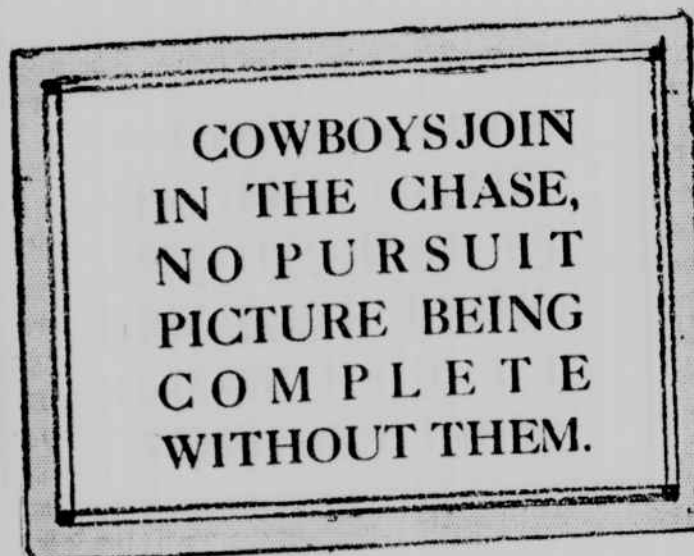
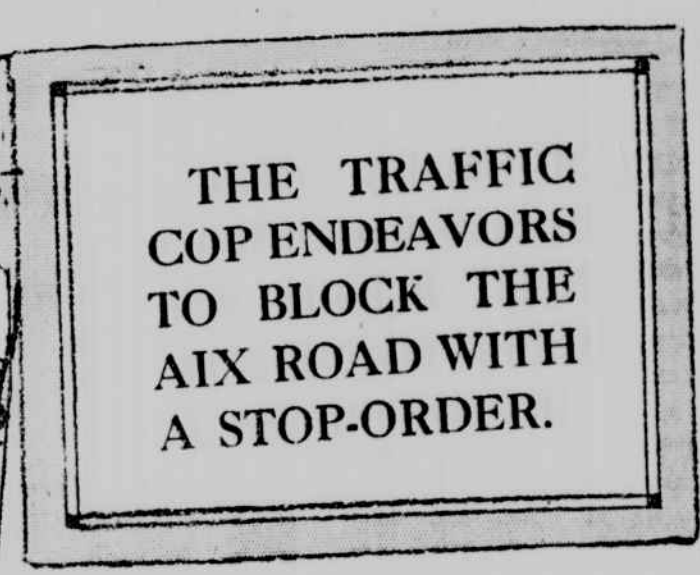
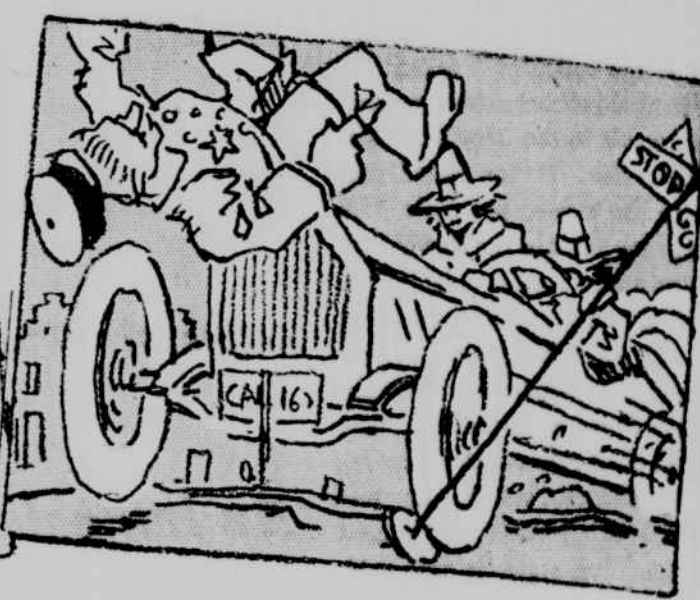
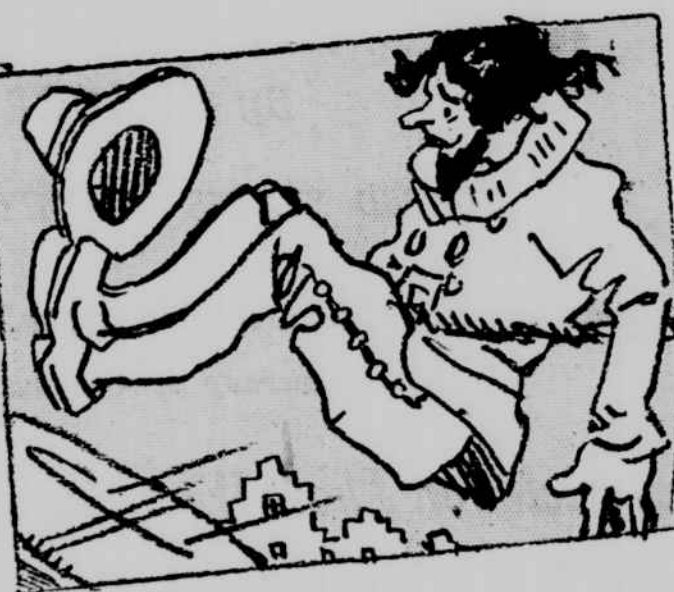
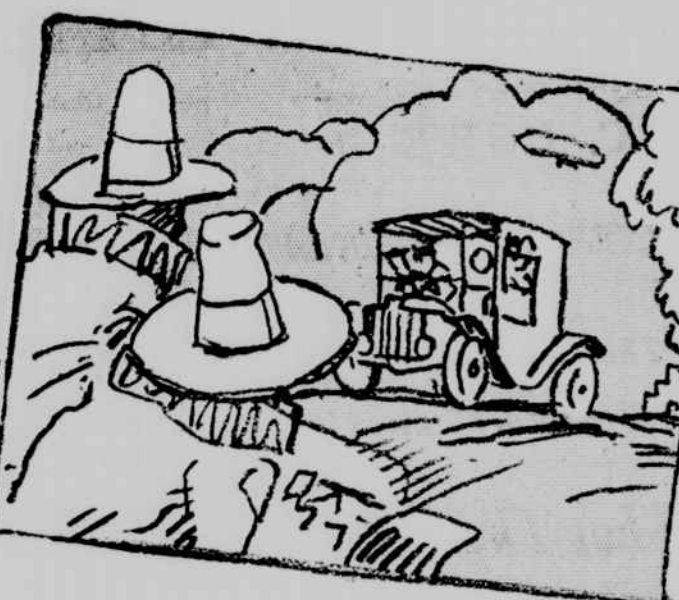


# MOVIES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN



## II—HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

By ROBERT BROWNING and ARTHUR H. FOLWELL.

Picture Scenario by C. B. Falls.

I sprang for my ——\*, and Joris and he;  
I cranked it, Dirck cranked it, we cranked it, all three.

(The push-button starter, 'tis proper to say,  
Had yet to be used on the Ghent road to Aix.)

"Good speed!" cried the watch, as he swallowed our dust;  
And we flung back a slogan: "Aix Main Street or bust!"

Behind shot the postern, we sped through the dark,  
Never shifting the gears, never missing a spark.

'Twas naught but a joy ride until we drew near  
Lokeren, when sounds of pursuit smote the ear.

At Boon a great yellow ——† we could see;  
At Duffeld 'twas gaining as plain as could be.

At Mecheln a deftly timed lariat line  
Caused Joris to gurgle: "Here's where I get mine!"

For they dropped a neat noose in a wild western way,  
And Joris lost int'rest in good news for Aix.

"Stay! Stay!" cried the leader to Dirck and to me;  
But we gave her more gas in reply to his plea.

At Aerschot upleap'd of a sudden a cop,  
With a sign reading "Go," and a sign reading "Stop."

He placed a "stop-order," as Wall Street would say,  
But we gave him the go-by, and zipped on our way.

By Hasselt Dirck cried: "They are gaining a-pace,  
And I note that ten cowboys have joined in the chase.

"Ten cowboys," quoth he, "if I counted 'em right;  
And a couple of airships are also in sight."

At Looz, on a lonely and desolate road,  
A dynamite cartridge went "Bang!" a la mode.

We lost our hind wheels, and the trifles between,  
But pah! What is that when one works for the Screen!

At Tongres we punctured a tire or two;  
At Dalhem the spires of Aix were in view.

"How they'll greet us!" cried Dirck; then stopped, for, alas!  
Old Dirck took the count from some poisonous gas.

Then 'twas all up to me; I must bear the whole weight  
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate.

The bombs fell about me from Zepp'lin and 'plane,  
But Fate it was kind; all their efforts were vain.

Then I threw off my duster, my goggles let fall,  
Chucked my gloves in the road; and my wrist-watch and all;

Clapped my hands, laugh'd and sang, though I couldn't say what,  
Till I drove into Aix, with the engine red hot.

And all I remember is friends flocking 'round,  
As I sat with its hood 'twixt my knees on the ground,

And no voice but was praising my noble machine,  
As I poured it a bumper of fresh gasoline.

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than its due which brought good news from Ghent.

\*Space to let to any automobile concern.  
†Space to let to any other automobile concern.

### POSTSCRIPT:

And the nature of the news they brought? Did I neglect to say?  
Why, the Board of Censors passed them, on the road from Ghent to Aix.